So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly oath, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnuiſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſions left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſſians?
Qu. I intruth my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie(to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſſia habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles: but this I thinke.
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This ieſt is drie to me. Gentle ſweet,
Your wits makes wiſe things fooliſh when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing, heauens fiery eye:
By light we looſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eye.
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong;
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe;
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried;
They'll mocke vs now downeright.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIB